

South-Carolina Weekly Museum, &c.

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MEMOIRS OF THE LATE COLONEL FREDERICK.

(Concluded from page 743.)

WHILE Theodore was dividing his time between royalty and a jail, his son, by lady Kilmallock, seems also to have become, like himself, the sport of fortune. Born at Madrid, he is said to have been educated at Rome, under Lobcowitz, a professor celebrated in his day, in consequence of a Latin treatise on astronomy.—Whoever may have been his master, certain it is, that he was an excellent scholar, and not only spoke, but wrote German, Spanish, French, and Italian, with great fluency.

He arrived in this country about forty-three years since, and soon formed many respectable acquaintances; among those of a later date, may be reckoned the present lord chancellor, then Mr. Wedderburne, whom he often visited at his chambers, and to whom he lent a copy of Gravina, an elegant writer on the civil law, the study of whose works he was accustomed to recommend. With the late Dr. Shebhear, and the present Mr. Murphy, he was very intimate, and always professed a great attachment for men of letters.

From the king's mother, who compassionated the situation of distressed royalty, I have repeatedly heard him say, that he received a

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considerable sum of money for the payment of certain debts which his own necessities, and those of his family, had forced him reluctantly to contract. A lady, well known during the duke of Grafton's administration, whose name has been immortalised by the pen of Junius, and which I shall not here reveal, out of respect to her recent title, is also said to have assisted, and even to have been greatly attached to him. I have, likewise, some reason to think, that he was *personally* known to the king, as a claimant on the bounty of his mother, the princess dowager of Wales; and it may be seen from the preface to his work, entitled, "*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Corse*," that it was written expressly for the information of the late duke of York. I have repeatedly heard him assert, and actually believe, that his royal highness had conceived the wild and romantic project of becoming king of Corsica, which has since, unfortunately, perhaps, for this nation, been realised by an august relative.

Mr. Frederick, who is said to have obtained the *brevet* rank of colonel from the duke of Wurtemberg, as well as the *cross of merit*, transacted business in this country for that prince, although he never received

received any regular diplomatic mission from him. In consequence of his orders, however, he *sold* a regiment of *Wurtemburgers*, to the East India company, which having been landed in opposition to that salutary jealousy with which our constitution surveys foreign troops, a formal complaint was made on this subject by colonel Barry, in the house of commons.

During the American war, he also tendered a body of men to lord North, which gave rise to certain claims on our government for maintenance, &c. and occasioned a variety of memorials to that nobleman, as well as his successors in office, lord Shelburne (now marquis of Lansdowne) Mr. Fox, and Mr. Pitt.

Colonel Frederick was more successful in other quarters. A lady, united to the duke of Wurtemberg, by what is termed a *left-handed marriage*, in Germany, and who is said to have been related to the subject of these memoirs, sent him small sums of money from time to time; and the present commodore sir John Borlace Warren, not only conferred many favors on himself, but actually purchased a commission for his son.

The colonel was employed by the prince of Wales, (to whom, if I am not mistaken, he was introduced by Mr. Weltje) respecting the Antwerp loan for his royal highness and his brothers, which was defeated by the paternal intervention of his majesty; his name is to be found in the account of that transaction, written in French and Dutch, and he visited the continent, replete with the hopes of a successful conclusion to an object, with which his future fortune was so closely connected. His disappointment at the unprosperous issue of this scheme was proportionably great, and being

of a sanguine temperament, he was much irritated at the failure of a negotiation, in the course of which he deemed himself ill-treated.

Colonel Frederick was a man of great reading, and considerable mental acquirements. Naturally gay and sprightly, his face was generally clothed with a smile, and he bore all the misfortunes of his life with wonderful equanimity. His manners were those of a gentleman; his appearance that of a soldier.— He had studied the respective interests of the various courts of Europe, and was particularly attached to the house of Austria. He had read all the best books on the art of war, and if he had not seen much real service, it must be allowed that few men were better calculated to describe a battle. No one could be more satirical on titles, stars, ribbons, &c. than himself, and on those occasions, he was accustomed jocularly to style himself *Prince of Capraja*, a little island in the neighbourhood of Corsica.

In person, he was about five feet, eight inches high, admirably proportioned, and possessing the appearance of great vigour. His countenance, which was of an olive hue, testified that he had been born under a southern sky. His white hair gave him a venerable appearance and his little grey eyes brightened up and sparkled with unusual lustre, while he recorded the feats of his youth.

He was always dressed with uncommon neatness, and would have looked clean and respectable even in rags. His wardrobe for the last ten or fifteen years, consisted of a blue coat with a red cape, a black one, the dye of which he was accustomed to commend, as being of *Prussian manufacture*; a loose blue great coat, which he wore in winter, and white cloth waistcoat and breeches,

breeches, with a pair of military boots.

On great occasions, I believe, he put on a Wurtemberg uniform, the silver, or perhaps filken, epaulets of which hung down on his arm, like the appendages to the liveries of some of our old families: for he once told me, that on a visit to the late Sir W. James, then chairman of the India company, he was mistaken for a domestic, and actually forced to do *penance* in his hall, in Gerrard-street, until introduced by the baronet in person.

Colonel Frederick had a son and a daughter by a German lady, to whom he was married. The first perished at the battle of German Town, soon after he had received a lieutenantancy from general Howe, who was struck with the misfortunes of his family. The second married, some years since, and settled at Highgate or Hampstead; she has several children, and as her circumstances are said to be far from affluent, it would be highly laudable to institute a subscription for herself and numerous offspring.*

Here follows a short account of the colonel, written at least twenty-five years since, and now translated from the original French:

“Genoa prevailed. Theodore lost his own liberty, because he had endeavoured to defend that of the Corsicans. He was confined in a disgraceful prison, where he suffered a thousand humiliations without a single murmur. He knew how useless it was to complain, and was conscious of the necessity of submitting himself to his fate.—Deprived of his scepter, fortune,

and friends, his sole resource was in Providence, and the tender piety of his son, who repaired to England on purpose to accompany him to Corsica, whither Theodore flattered himself to be able to return once more, and that too through the assistance of Great-Britain.

“This son, like himself, was entirely destitute of the gifts of fortune, and he was ill adapted for the acquisition of wealth, as his temper was but little suited to the frivolity of an age avaricious of pleasure, and anxious for the attainment of riches and honors, even on the most dishonourable terms.

“Avoiding festivals and public entertainments of all kinds, he was modest in his manners, simple in his dress, tenacious of his words, reserved and close in his mode of life; in short, he retired as it were within himself, in order to live with that virtue of which he scorned to make a parade. He was accustomed to say, “that it was proper to know, but not expedient to tell, every thing.” *Omnia scire, non omnia exequi* was his favourite maxim.

“Aspiring to independence, he was incapable of sacrificing at the shrine of servility, or of purchasing favor by offering up incense to the ridiculous vanity of grandeur and opulence. He paid his court only to merit; he was busied solely in perfecting himself in the duties of a man, and in rendering himself worthy of esteem, leaving to others the task of doing him justice.

“He honored letters, and consecrated his life to them. He even became an author, and endeavoured to gain a livelihood by his pen, during his distress; he also taught the Latin, Italian, and Spanish languages, that he might be enabled to maintain his own children, and succour his unfortunate father.

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his destiny, he at least supported it with courage and firmness. He was never heard to blame providence, or to execrate mankind, and attribute to them his necessities and misfortunes : for whatever wrongs he might have experienced at their hands, he never permitted hatred to enter into his breast, knowing the difficulty of eradicating it, after it had once got possession. In fine, he submitted himself to his fate with perfect resignation, for his heart was always obedient to the decrees of heaven, and in order the more fully to testify his submission, and accommodate himself to his destiny, he abjured the tinsel of titles, and assumed only his baptismal, which he converted into a family name.— He thus also endeavoured to obviate that scorn to which nobility, when deprived of wealth, is almost always exposed ; and it was on the same account he decked himself out only in his own natural qualities, which were the sole patrimony that neither the fury of fortune, nor the malice of mankind could divest him of.”

Such is the character of colonel Frederick, as drawn up by his own pen. He never appeared to be affluent, and yet never exhibited any symptoms of want, until a little before his melancholy end. He retired early to rest, and rose betimes in the morning, often reading by candle-light. Frugal in his diet, wonderfully abstemious in respect to wine, and addicted to no extravagance of any kind : the sum expended by the wealthy in a single entertainment, would have served the *Prince of Capraja* for a whole year. What a pity that he was not included in some Hanoverian, Hessian, or Austrian subsidy !—the property of the nation has been often wasted on objects less worthy of public munificence !

That his mind has been deranged ever since Christmas last, as has been asserted, I have reason to doubt, from the testimony of a gentleman who conversed with him but three days previous to his unhappy exit. The cause attributed (an expected arrest) was scarcely commensurate with the event ; for he had often experienced the resentment of unfeeling creditors, and more than once witnessed the griping exactions of a spunging-house.— The whole of his debts did not exceed 400*l*. and it is not a little remarkable, that this sum has always proved fatal to his family.

On the afternoon of his death, he is said to have dined, and drank his half pint of port, as usual, at the Storey's-gate coffee-house, Westminster. After reading the Evening Paper, with his accustomed serenity, he repaired to the gate of Westminster Abbey, and met his fate in the immediate neighbourhood of our heroes and kings, with the same unconcern as his countrymen of old :

“*Prodiga gens animæ, & properare facil-
lima mortem,
Namque ubi transcendit florentes viribus
annos,
Impatiens ævi spernit novisse senectam,
Et fati modus in dextra est.*”

Thus perished colonel Frederick, according to the hint contained in one of his own works, in the seventy-second (but if we are to believe the respectable testimony of his friends, in the seventy fifth) year of his age.

His body is deposited in St. Anne's church yard, within a few yards of that of Theodore. Their fate is connected by a melancholy similarity : equally unfortunate thro' life, they are at length united in death, and occupy a common grave, in a foreign country, far distant from the place of their nativity.

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The only works of the late colonel Frederick known to me, are :

I. "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Corse ;" dedicated to the duke of Wurtemberg ; in which, in the face of all Europe, he proclaims himself the son of Theodore, king of Corsica ; professes an *hereditary* regard for his serene highness, and challenges his patronage on this very account. I am unacquainted with the precise time of the publication, as the first leaf of my copy is torn out ; but I suppose it to have been about 1768, or 1770.

II. The description of Corsica, with an account of its union to the crown of Great-Britain, including the life of general Paoli.

MARCUS AND MONIMIA.

The following story, though it may be dressed in the garb of novel and romance, really happened at a small town in the neighbourhood of Nismes.

MONIMIA was nobly born ; her grand-father was nearly related to the house of Bourbon, and her father president of the parliament of Nismes. The former, in his dying moments, tenacious of his hereditary distinctions, delivered to his son, to be for ever remembered, these his last words : " I transmit to you, my son, the honor and dignity of my family, as I received them, pure and un sullied ; guard them whilst you live, and in your dying moments, as you have received, so transmit them to your posterity." The bequest was lodged in the heart of his successor, and the solemn mandate, like the Persian memento, was daily reiterated. Proud, haughty, and imperious, distant from his superiors, and not

tolerating equals, he reigned the despot of his little circle. Nobility was the true, the only virtue ; and to be born beneath it, was an hereditary stain ; a crime of so deep a dye, as to be visited from the father upon the children. One son, highly distinguished in the annals of military fame, and the charming Monimia, were the fruits of a marriage with the Comtesse de —, whose life remains recorded, and her virtues blessed, not by the unmeaning tongues of monks in purchased masses, or of artful eloquence, wound up like mechanism by the annual stipend : nor are they delineated on the pedestal of the stately monument ;—the laborious poor, the deserted orphan, helpless age, and afflicted widows, remain the heralds of her virtues ; and whilst each tells his simple tale, how industry was encouraged, how affliction soothed, and how age supported, the heart shews the recorded letters, and bleeds at the fresh recital.—Monimia, the beautiful Monimia, was such ; and now, like the full-budding rose, diffusing its congenial odours, " lovely and charming to the eye," appears the pride, the admiration of all. Nor less so was Marcus. Gifted by nature with the most valuable endowments, which were embellished by an excellent education, he seemed formed but for Monimia. Like her, he studied virtue, and like her, he was esteemed the model of it.—The father of Marcus was an old soldier ; who, worn out with the fatigues of duty, had retired to his little villa, there to dedicate the short remainder of his days to humanity and religion. The Croix de St. Louis was his only given honor, a scanty pension his only subsistence. Marcus was his only child, his pride, his support ; and whom peace had now restored to the arms

of his aged father. Discharged from military glory, he now indulged his natural propensity in that scene where the charming Monimia was so highly distinguished. Oft had he here vied with her in the virtuous exploit, and oft had he anticipated the pleasure of doing good. In love each of them with virtue, they could not but be enamoured of its agents; and oft had the expressive eye in its hieroglyphics told what the modest tongue was as yet afraid to utter. Already had the village-tattle anticipated the nuptial vow, and already had the little infant learned to lisp the names of Marcus and Monimia.—But the haughty president had far other views; his titles, his honors, and the dignity of his family, were his chief, his only care. To support these, let nature no longer be regarded, let parental affection cease, and let an amiable, a virtuous child be abandoned and deserted.—Whilst pride, however, forbade him to leave her in a station inferior to her birth, his meanness would not permit him to retract from his own dignity to add to her's. A neighbouring convent conveniently offered itself to reconcile these jarring interests; and the world was thus to be deprived of one of its greatest ornaments. The convent was of the order of St. Francis:—sad, gloomy, rigid, and austere, “Melancholy marked it for its own.”—Far different from these were the principles instilled into the mind of Monimia; she had been taught to regard religion but as the source of happiness and contentment; that morality included the chief of its laws; and that the world was the place destined by her maker for the exercise of it; that to retire, and avoid the trial of it, was a species of suicide, that marked the coward afraid of the trifling ill the world

could do him. “This (cries she) has many objects scattered here and there to employ the religious votary; and I am sure the small mite which I bestow on charity, gains more favor with heaven than a thousand reiterated stripes, or years of fasting; and that the future punishment of a crime 'tis not the self-inflicted stripe which can mitigate, but the attribute of mercy to acquit.”

Whilst such were the sentiments of Monimia, no wonder she endeavoured to avoid her impending doom; but her father remained inflexible. He begged, he admonished, he reasoned, he urged, and commanded. Monimia, knowing his disposition, and the dreadful consequence, should he have the smallest suspicion of her attachment to Marcus, reluctantly complied; and the day, the fatal day, the burial of Monimia, was fixed.—And now the effects which timid bashfulness had hitherto withheld, were no longer concealed; Marcus and Monimia now mutually exchanged their long withholden tale. Much had he to say: a thousand chimeras, a thousand romantic projects filled his labouring breast: the more he wished to tell them, the less was he able; and the moment of utterance was that of separation.—“Fail not, says Monimia, fail not, as you regard my affection and esteem, to be present at the ceremony. From the moment in which I appear in all the pride and ornaments of the world, to that of my interment, I entreat, I conjure you to grant me this, my last request.” Marcus swore to obey, and afterwards, like a true Petrarch, to follow the example of his Laura.—Monimia having obtained her request tore herself away. Marcus remained motionless; till his weary eyes, no longer able to pursue the object

object of their delight, dissolved in tears. "Miserable, unhappy wretch! (exclaims he) thou art now deprived of the sole blessing the world had to bestow upon thee! Yes, there are mortals predestined to be unhappy, and I am one of those wretched victims whose lot is misery.—Your father, say you, Monimia, was it he who instigated you to take the religious vow? who compelled you to commit this act of suicide? Unnatural wretch!—Surely he deserves not such a name. He is not to be called a father who can sacrifice his child to avarice and pride nor is it religion to take a vow which God and nature forbid. O happy country! where an hereditary obligation binds the father to provide for his child, and where such passions find no resource to break the natural tie.—O Monimia! whither art thou going! Stay, for heaven's sake." The curfew tolled its solemn knell. Marcus started, as one awakened from a frightful dream; he stood fixed and motionless; till recollecting Monimia's last request, he hurried to the fatal spot. Scarce had he arrived, ere Monimia entered the chapel, encircled with a numerous *convoy* of relations, and bedecked in all the elegance and splendor which art and nature could bestow. The religious of the order were arranged on each side of the altar; who, as soon as Monimia entered the chapel, began their pious hymn; and in melodious strains sung the folly and misery of the world, and the happiness and tranquility of the life of the religious. On the right of the altar was the bishop of the province, to whom the head of the order, the hymn being finished, presented Monimia. The first question was then demanded—"Dost thou thoroughly despise, and hate the folly and vanity of the world, and canst thou

dedicate the remainder of thy life to God and religion?" Monimia having given the affirmative, was conducted from the chapel into the convent, to be stript of all her pompous ornaments, and to prepare to make the last, the fatal vow. The little bell gave the tinkling signal; and in an instant re-entered the abbess with the rest of the order, bearing the coffin of Monimia, and chanting her solemn dirge. Monimia followed, now dressed in the habit of a religieuse: her beauteous long training locks cut off, and a veil concealing her charming countenance.—Once more she was conducted to the bishop, in the midst of the whole order and her numerous relations, to make the last, the binding vow.—A solemn silence now ensued. Monimia looked around, and espied her Marcus, his eyes fixed on her, and petrified to the spot.—"I accept him (she cried) for my husband, and here make my solemn vow to be eternally his."—The reverend prelate, indignant as he was, was obliged to ratify it when thus made, and to join the hands of *Marcus* and *Monimia*.

FUGITIVE THOUGHTS.

MEN who seek preferment by railing at those in power, are like cats and monkeys; they climb by clawing.

He whose only talent lies in exciting laughter, deserves to be laughed at.

Some covetous people seem afraid to die, because of the expence attending their funeral.

The covetous are generally censorious; to them it may be said, *Thou hypocrite, first cast the beam out of thine own eye, &c.* and I have so much charity as to think they would

do it, if they could sell the timber.

In our youth we are anxious for riches, because they purchase pleasure: we spend our youth in the pursuit of them, and when furnished with the means of gratification, our desires are no more.

Some debauchees are like the devil; they will enter into swine, rather than do nothing in the wicked way.

As many men have been known to become covetous by riches, as rich by covetousness.

A covetous man is nobody's friend but the devil's; and that he is in a double sense: he first damns his own soul by not using his blessings, and then that of his successor, by providing him the means of luxury and riot.

The latter part of the life of a silk-worm may be compared to that of a debauchee; they sleep long, come forth full dressed, and kill themselves by whoring.

A gentleman will not marry an inferior, but he will debauch her: that is, he has too much pride to raise *her* to an honorable union, but will stoop *himself* to a most infamous one.

Fat lazy bishops may be stiled the beef-eaters of Christ's kingdom.

What can ensure the atheist, that he shall not be miserable for ever? The same chance that threw him into this life, may tumble him into a worse.

Animals have every sense but that of shame; shame would be a useless passion, since they can do no wrong.

Resentment is absolutely necessary, or impertinence would reign; but nothing is more difficult than to resent properly.

Wit is an unfortunate instrument in the hands of one whose good-nature is not predominant.

Wit may be connected with obscenity, as volatile salts may be extracted from a dunghill.

Wit may be connected with obscenity; but what a scandal for an accomplished gentleman to marry a dirty trull!

Low cunning differs from genuine sense, as the wisdom of the devil does from that of his maker.

Let no one condemn the present state, who has it in his power to enjoy learning, friendship, virtue, and religion.

Those who are the most ready to take offence, are the most prone to give it. The same pride that prompts them to resent an affront, suggests to them, that others are so much their inferiors, that it is difficult to commit one.

The bite of a female asp is quadruple, that of a male only double: far be it from me to make any invidious applications.

Reading gives ideas, reflection retains them: by means of the former they only float upon the brain, by the latter they are as it were incorporated with it, and become as durable as the faculties themselves.

To what a variety of uses will men of different talents and pursuits in literature apply the same materials? The poet will search the sacred records for his images; the Hutchinsonian, for his philosophy; the disputant, for his arguments; the believer, for his faith; and the sceptic, for his objections. Thus each, by a kind of magnetic power, extracts from the general mass, those principles which have the greatest affinity with their respective pursuits; but let them take care, that, like mere magnets, they do not extract iron from the filings of silver and gold.

Lead,

Lead, by a proper process, may be converted into a sublimate: but some people are composed of such materials; that, after the utmost pains they still continue a caput mortuum.

When the fluids are greatly disordered, worms will crawl out of the mouth. The corruptions of the heart are often manifested by the reptile speech of a profligate.

There are so many falsehoods in the world, that I can believe nothing without proper authority; and so many wonderful events, that I can believe almost every thing with it.

Daily experience convinces us, that the passions of mankind out-reason reason itself.

*Important CAUTIONS against VICES
to which a YOUTH may have no
Natural Propensity.*

[We have already selected some instructive scenes from Dr. Moore's excellent novel, entitled 'Edward.' A conversation between Edward the young hero of the piece, and, Mr. Temple, a respectable clergyman, is equally replete with sentiments of the best tendency.]

EDWARD and Mr. Temple were in a post-chaise: 'I perceive,' said the latter, 'we are near the end of our journey, but before we separate, I feel myself disposed to give you a little advice, if you are in the humour of receiving it.'

Edward, beginning to declare how much he should think himself obliged—Mr. Temple added, 'Advice, you know, my dear fellow, is a kind of commodity which people in general are more apt to give than willing to receive—it costs nothing.'

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Edward. Forgive me—That experience which enables a person to give good advice may have cost a great deal.

Temple. The bestowing, however, does not make a man the poorer.

Edward. It may be a very valuable present, notwithstanding; for (assuming somewhat of a theatrical accent) 'He that gives me good advice, gives that which, not impoverishing him, may make me rich indeed.'

Temple. It were a thousand pities not to make you rich, since you think you can be so at so cheap a rate.

Edward. I am all attention.

Temple. To begin then, I advise you to avoid gaming.

Edward. Gaming!

Temple. Yes, and drinking.

Edward. Why I have not the smallest taste for either.

Temple. I know it.

Edward. How then can you think it necessary to caution me against them?

Temple. Because the caution may be useful.

Edward. Against gaming and drinking!

Temple. Yes, gaming and drinking—

Hæc sunt quæ nosira liceat te voce moneri.

Edward. You say that you know I have no taste for them?

Temple. And, therefore, I think it may be of use to caution you against that complaisance to the taste of others, which, by habit, creates a taste where it did not before exist; because, when allowed to grow and take root by habit, all caution is superfluous. I have lived thus long in the world, and have known few instances of gamblers leaving off play, until both their money and credit were exhausted; and

and hardly one drunkard who ever reformed.

Edward. I have such an aversion to one, and so little propensity to the other, that I shall have no occasion for exercising the virtue of self-denial in abstaining from both.

Temple. Perhaps not yet. I have known young men, who, at your time of life, seemed to have an aversion to the one, and no taste for the other; and, by keeping company with gamesters and drunkards, became the victims of drinking and gaming. I remember this poor fellow, Myrtle, a sprightly young man, not in the least addicted to drinking, until from mere uneasiness of disposition, and a dread of ridicule, he swallowed every night a greater quantity of wine than he liked, in compliance with the solicitation of those who liked a greater quantity of wine than he could swallow; and to avoid the imputation of a milk-sop, he has become a sot.

His companion, Mr. Shuffle, was originally fond of hunting and country amusements, lived a good deal on his estate in the country, and shewed no taste for gaming beyond a moderate bet on a cricket match; but being elected a member of a club, where he was often witness to very deep play, and tempted with the ease and expedition with which he saw money acquired by some of his acquaintance, he felt a desire of imitating them; the consequence of which was, his losing a sum which distressed him considerably to pay; this he determined to recover, and then to quit gaming for ever. He began the attempt, I have been told, with caution, but being laughed at for refusing deep bets, where he was assured the chance was in his favour, and seeing those who accepted them admired for their spirit, he caught courage, increased in spirit

every night, and at length had spirit enough to lose his whole fortune. Of late, I understand he has been more lucky, and is now somewhat raised in point of circumstances, but greatly sunk in that of reputation. In short, my dear Edward, I am convinced, that although there are excesses into which young men are sometimes led, from too great indulgence of natural propensities, those of drinking and gaming are not of the number. To acquire a taste for the one, a strong reluctance must be overcome; and the other, being a continual exercise of the passion of avarice, cannot be supposed natural to youth; yet, when acquired, they engross every faculty of the mind, rule with the most tyrannic sway, and often lead to debasement, infamy and ruin. It is, therefore, before the taste is acquired, and while the reluctance is unsubdued, that advice and warning can be of any utility; and one of the most important pieces of advice that can be given to young men on their entrance into life, is, that they do not sacrifice their own tastes to those of others. This is the more requisite, because *that* modesty and diffidence which belongs to men of the most amiable character, inclines them to give up their own judgment to persons of higher self-sufficiency and inferior understandings. And we daily see those who are fond of the exercise of reason, and have pleasure in reflection, sacrifice their reason in complaisance to men who cannot bear their own thoughts, and are never comfortable until they have drowned reflection. We also see those who are formed for the enjoyment of society, and who covet nobody's money, led into gaming by men who have no enjoyment but play. People of weak characters, who are the most ready, ought to be the most shy to imitate others—
for,

for, as valetudinarians, who have not strength of constitution to throw off their old diseases, are in the greatest danger of sinking under a new contagion; so those who have not strength of mind to correct their own foibles, are the most likely to retain every fresh ridicule or fashionable foppery that they once adopt. As for my own part, I have such a despicable opinion of the *servum pecus imitatorum*, that I should think it less contemptible to be an original than a copy, even in things reprehensible; and if I should ever become a drunkard, it shall be because I myself find pleasure in the taste and effect of wine, and not because other people do; or, if I shall ever risk my money at play, it shall be when I myself become covetous, and not because Mr. Shuffle, or any other of my acquaintance is so.— On the same principle, when I become a faunterer from one public place of entertainment to another, it shall be after I have lost all taste for study and conversation, and not merely an imitation of Mr. Carnaby Shadow, and fashionable people of the same cast.

There is yet another species of imitation, my dear Edward, which has ruined greater numbers than all the rest put together; that is, when the poor imitate the wealthy. A man in confined circumstances may be placed in situations, no doubt, where there is a call for spending more than he can afford; in that case, he must yield, with a good grace, to the necessity; and afterward, he must have the firmness to retrench his expences till the excess is compensated; but he must, through life, resist the solicitations of thoughtless profligates, and the unfeeling rich, who see the distress of their acquaintance with indifference, to whom the expence that

ruins him is a trifle, and who will be the first to abandon and laugh at him, after leading him to the door of a gaol.

Considerations on the Devastation which takes place in Animal life, proved to contribute to its Re-production and Well-being.

IT will doubtless be acknowledged, that the law which appoints one animal to become the food of another, contributes to the augmentation and happiness of life, if we can prove that it introduces several new species, which could not otherwise exist; and that the accession of these new species, is not, in any respect, prejudicial to the other; but, on the other hand, useful, and, in some respects, necessary to them.

Those reptiles and insects which swarm about dead bodies, and feed upon their substance, we should imagine were produced by putrefaction. This indeed was the opinion of the ancients. But modern naturalists have found, by a more accurate examination, that they owe their existence to the eggs deposited by some other insect. They have put fresh meat into different vessels, some of which they have left open, and others covered with a fine cloth. The flesh thus inclosed has putrified, and been converted into a thick and offensive fluid, without producing any animals, although it had communication with the external air.— Those, on the contrary, which were quite exposed to the atmosphere, have been filled with worms in a very short space, and these worms have been transformed into moths, exactly similar to those which were at first observed to surround these substances.

But, further, this opinion of the ancients was principally founded upon certain transformations which they imagined took place in some animals: but it has been demonstrated that these transformations are absolutely chimerical; that the animal, which appears first as a caterpillar, afterwards a nymph, and, lastly, a butterfly, inclosed, even in the form of a caterpillar, the feet, wings, antheræ, and, in a word, all the members peculiar to a butterfly; and that the different changes it undergoes consist merely in the developement of these members, which were most curiously folded up, and tightly swathed round as it were with different coverings, just as the bud of a flower always incloses the same fruit, though under different appearances.

To these species we must add those that adhere to the bodies of living animals, and draw their nourishment from thence. The numbers that are of this species are scarce to be conceived. There is no quadruped, no bird, no animal whatever, obvious to the naked eye, where other animals may not be found feeding upon their substance, endowed with different forms, and furnished with different arms according to the nature of the bodies upon which they feed. There is, in fresh water, an insect, which appears but a point as it were: yet, when examined by the microscope, you may discover that it is continually employed in defending itself against other insects of a much smaller size; and, what is the more extraordinary, nature has, for this purpose, armed it with a kind of scourge, with which it is incessantly beating its sides. It is true; these animals, as well as those mentioned above, appear to us mean and contemptible; but, whatever they may be in our estimation, they are still

the production of omnipotence; and they possess, in common with other animals, which may seem more important, fibres, tendons, muscles, veins, arteries, circulating fluids, that wonderful arrangement of springs, that action and re-action of an infinite number of causes, or, in a word, that inexplicable something which constitutes the essence of animal life, and which no man can comprehend. The sentiments of abhorrence that we find within ourselves, with regard to some animals, are intirely relative to their situation respecting us; but it is not in this point of view that we are to contemplate them, when we would form a just estimate of the excellence of their being.

We observe a multitude of birds, continually employed in digging up and destroying the reptiles and insects which live upon the surface of the earth, and upon trees and plants. This is another order in those new species of animals, that are introduced into the world by a like plan of Providence. These birds are wonderfully adapted to the places they occupy, both with respect to their form, size, and the acuteness of their senses. Their bill is slender and long, their claws obtuse, their wings short, their flight precipitate; their size is smaller than that of the winged species in general, by which means they readily pass into places, where they expect to find their prey, and carry it off in spite of every intrenchment.—It is observable, that they are continually employed in scratching up the earth; by this artifice they draw the worms towards the surface, and readily catch them.

Amongst these are the winged race also, which hover over the waters, and feed upon fish: And, perhaps, there is no race more numerous. From one extremity of the globe

globe to the other, the marshes, lakes, rivers, creeks, bays, gulfs, and sea-coasts are peopled by these animals, and resound with their cries. They abound upon every coast of the habitable parts of the earth; and the doubtful pilot, whenever he sees them, is no longer uncertain what course to steer, as they all of them differ, in some respects, according to the parts they frequent.

Of this number are the carnivorous race likewise, that are confined to the land, such as lions, tygers, wolves, bears, amongst the quadrupeds; eagles, vultures, cormorants, hawks, amongst the birds. — It must be acknowledged, that, next to man, this species of animals is the most perfect of any. Their lofty and active gait, their bold and piercing looks, their courage, their strength, their roarings, their rage, all demonstrate that they have received a double portion of the living principle. And yet were it not for this institution of Providence, that one part of the animal substance should live upon the other, they must necessarily have been excluded from the creation.

We proceed further, and assert, that man himself is to be ranked amongst the species which exist in the animal system in consequence of this institution. Does he not live chiefly upon flesh? And, suppose there are some that are supported by vegetables only, yet is their number equal to the others? And is the vigor, strength and courage of this class to be placed in competition with the vigor, strength, and courage of those that live upon animal food? Without such an institution of Providence, three fourths of the human species would be destitute of sustenance; for all the human race could not possibly live upon the fruits of the earth. The greatest part of her productions are not fit for use

before they have been digested, and converted into the substance of the animals which feed upon them. — And, with respect to those who live immediately upon vegetable food, there are few countries that produce it in quantities sufficient to render it the only support of their inhabitants. But, let us suppose the earth to enjoy all the fertility requisite for this purpose, it could not enjoy it, especially in some parts, but in consequence of cultivation. But this cultivation requires leisure, skill, improvements: It requires some acquaintance with the operations necessary for the production of plants: It requires the plough, the spade, the mattock; that is, a knowledge of metals, and how to work them: It supposes also some established community, certain forms of government, and a favorable situation with respect to the neighbouring nations. It requires that those who cultivate the earth should be persuaded of protection against the injustice of individuals, and the rapine of a foreign enemy. Where any one of these circumstances is wanting, it will be extremely difficult, not to say impracticable, to establish agriculture, particularly in the colder climates, where the earth is fruitful for some few months in the year only, and where men are obliged, in consequence, to lay up a store of provisions for the winter season. — And can it be said that these circumstances equally unite in favor of all mankind! What numbers are ignorant of the very name of this art? What numbers, who, being continually surrounded by savage and vagrant nations, have no other security than the desolation of the country they inhabit? What numbers, whom indolence, savage manners, inseparable from their condition, and above all their extreme indigence, prevent from applying

plying themselves to this art? A people, that are obliged to pass continually from mountain to mountain, from forest to forest, in search of the necessaries of life, and finding nothing more than mere necessities, little think of dwelling upon a particular spot, of cultivating it, and waiting patiently till the time of harvest. In a word, the invention of agriculture is the effect of chance; and its establishment must proceed from the union of a great variety of circumstances that are not in the power of every nation. What proof therefore can be more conclusive, that men are destined to feed upon the flesh of animals, and not merely upon the produce of the earth? And accordingly is this intention of Providence deeply imprinted upon the manners, appetites, and customs of the greatest part of the human species. Most nations are fond of hunting, and pursue it; most regard the flesh of animals as their favorite food.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A FABLE,

Concerning Cupid, Psyche and Taste.

PSYCHE, born in the island of Cyprus, grew enamoured of Cupid, the son of Venus. After making some unsuccessful attempts to inspire the little god with a mutual passion, she retired from the world to vent her complaints in melancholy solitude. There dwelt not far from Paphos, the metropolis of the country, a nymph called Taste, a daughter of one of the Graces, to whom the virtues, arts and sciences, and even the goddesses of the island herself often resorted: for without the assistance of some secret charms she bestowed upon them, though

they perhaps might sometimes coldly satisfy the world, their endeavours to enchant it were always ineffectual. Hither Psyche repaired, and having discovered the cause of her uneasiness, supplicated the nymph in the most humble manner to relieve her distresses. Taste, who never refused to comply with the petitions of her sincere votaries, heard the virgin's request with compassion; and having made up a zone of the same materials with which she had formerly composed the cestus of Venus, gave it her with the following instructions: "Take, said she, my dear Psyche, this magic zone, and wear it perpetually round you; from its latent folds such an unspeakable power shall be added to your natural charms, that the disdainful god of soft desires shall not only be captivated with your beauty, as soon as he sees you, but shall be retained in a voluntary and pleasurable bondage as long as you preserve this mysterious pledge of my affection. Take the strictest care, therefore, of this inestimable treasure; for should you, through neglect, be so unfortunate as to lose it, Cupid has wings, and will make use of them to leave you." Let it be sufficient to say that Psyche bound the zone round her waist, and accordingly so far succeeded in her wishes, that Hymen, in his saffron robe, soon pronounced a happy union between her and the son of Venus. Days, weeks, and months passed on in uninterrupted circles of still increasing raptures. If Psyche went into the meadows and groves to taste the tribute of the returning spring, Cupid was ever ready to wanton before her, and fill her lap with the choicest flowers and blossoms. If she was inclinable, in the heat of summer, to visit the rivers and fountains, his image was constantly mixed with her's in the floating mirror;

Psyche

Psyche began now to think her zone useless, and a troublesome incumbrance: therefore, being one day fatigued with the usual sports of the country, she loosened the golden studs with which it was fastened round her waist, and threw it, disdainfully, into the passing river. Very few days passed after this before she perceived a visible alteration in the affections of her adored Cupid; his eyes no longer languished on her's with ineffable desire; his ears ceased, as they were wont, to be ravished with the music of her tongue, and a civil indifference soon succeeded to the heretofore glowing language of ecstasy. By degrees her company grew every day more and more displeasing to him till at length a total disgust seized his fancy, he spread his rosy wings in air, and for ever left the habitation of his once beloved Psyche.—It is not enough that a woman is a faithful domestic friend, she should daily study to invest herself with a hundred little enchanting graces, suitable to the disposition of the man she marries, if she would still retain those unspeakable charms, conceived only by lovers, with which she originally captivated his heart. This grand secret lies in this short precept, “Never lose the Mistress in the Wife.”

Several curious particulars of the customs and manners of the Northern Indians, on the borders of Hudson's bay: Extracted from Mr. Hearne's journey from Prince of Wales' Fort, on Hudson's bay, to the Northern Ocean.

IT has been a custom among these Northern Indians, for the men to wrestle for any woman to whom they are attached; and, of course, the

strongest party always carries off the prize. A weak man, unless he be a good hunter, and well beloved, is seldom permitted to keep a wife that a stronger man thinks worth his notice: for, at any time when the wives of those strong wrestlers are heavy-laden, either with furs, or provisions they make no scruple of tearing any other man's wife from his bosom, and making her bear a part of his luggage. This custom prevails throughout all their tribes, and causes a great spirit of emulation among their youth, who, from their childhood, are, upon all occasions, trying their strength and skill in wrestling. This enables them to protect their property, and particularly their wives, from the hands of those powerful ravishers; some of whom make almost a livelihood, by taking what they please, from the weaker parties, without making them any return. Indeed, it is represented as an act of great generosity, if they condescend to make an unequal exchange; as, in general, abuse and insult are the only return for the loss which is sustained.

The way in which they tear the women and other property from one another, though it has the appearance of the greatest brutality, can scarcely be called fighting. I never knew any of them receive the least hurt in these rencontres. The whole business consists in hauling each other about by the hair of the head: they are seldom known either to strike or kick each other. It is not uncommon for one of them to cut off his hair, and to grease his ears, before the contest begins.—This, however, is done privately; and it is sometimes truly laughable, to see one of the parties strutting about with an air of great importance, and calling out, ‘Where is he? Why does he not come out?’

when

when the other will bolt out with a clean-shorn head, and greased ears, rush on his antagonist, seize him by the hair, and, though perhaps a much weaker man, soon drag him to the ground, while the stronger is not able to lay hold on him. It is very frequent, on these occasions, for each party to have spies, to watch the other's motions, which puts them more on a footing of equality. For want of hair to pull, they seize each other about the waist, with legs wide-extended, and try their strength, by endeavouring to vie who can first throw the other down.

On these wrestling occasions, the standers-by never attempt to interfere in the contest. Even one brother offers not to assist another, unless it be with advice, which, as it is always delivered openly on the field, during the contest, may, in fact, be said to be equally favorable to both parties. It sometimes happens that one of the wrestlers is superior in strength to the other; and, if a woman be the cause of the contest, the weaker is frequently unwilling to yield, notwithstanding he is greatly overpowered. When this happens to be the case, the relations and friends, or other by-standers, will sometimes join to persuade the weaker combatant to give up the contest, lest, by continuing it, he should get bruised and hurt, without the least probability of being able to protect what he is contending for.— I observed that very few of those people were dissatisfied with the wives that had fallen to their lot; for, whenever any considerable number of them were in company, scarcely a day passed without some overtures being made for contests of this kind; and it was often very unpleasant to me, to see the object of the contest sitting in pensive silence, watching her fate, while

her husband and his rival were contending for the prize. I have, indeed, not only felt pity for those poor wretched victims, but the utmost indignation, when I have seen them won, perhaps, by a man they mortally hated. On these occasions, their grief and reluctance to follow their new lord have been so great, that the business has often ended in the greatest brutality; for, in the struggle, I have seen the poor girls stripped quite naked, and carried by main force to their new lodgings. At other times it was pleasant enough to see a fine girl led off the field from a husband she disliked, with a tear in one eye, and a finger on the other: for custom, or delicacy if you please, has taught them to think it necessary to whimper a little, let the change be ever so much to their inclination. I have, throughout this account, given the women the appellation of girls, which is pretty applicable, as the objects of the contest are generally young, and without any family: few of the men choose to be at the trouble of maintaining other people's children, except on some very particular occasions.

Some of their old men, who are famous on account of their supposed skill in conjuration, have great influence in persuading the rabble from committing those outrages; but the humanity of these sages is seldom known to extend beyond their own families. In defence of them they will exert their utmost influence; but, when their own relations are guilty of the same crime, they seldom interfere. This partial conduct creates some secret, and several open enemies; but the generality of their neighbours are deterred, through fear or superstition, from executing their revenge, and even from talking disrespectfully of them, unless it be behind their backs, which

which is a vice of which almost every Indian in this country, without exception, is guilty.

Notwithstanding the Northern Indians are so covetous, and pay so little regard to private property, as to take every advantage of bodily strength, to rob their neighbours, not only of their goods, but of their wives, yet they are, in other respects, the mildest tribe, or nation, that is to be found on the borders of Hudson's bay: for, let their affronts or losses be ever so great, they will never seek any other revenge than that of wrestling. As for murder: which is so common among all the tribes of Southern Indians, it is seldom heard of among them. A murderer is shunned and detested by all the tribe, and is obliged to wander up and down, forlorn and forsaken even by his own relations and former friends. In that respect, a murderer may be compared to Cain, after he had killed his brother Abel. The cool reception he meets with by all who know him, occasions him to grow melancholy, and he never leaves any place but the whole company say, 'There goes the murderer!'—The women, it is true, sometimes receive an unlucky blow from their husbands, which occasions their death; but this is thought nothing of: and for one man or woman to kill another out of revenge, or through jealousy, or on any other account, is thought so extraordinary that very few are now existing who have been guilty of it. At the present moment, I know not one, beside Matonabee, who ever made an attempt of such a nature.

Matonabee was a famous leader among the Northern Indians, whom Mr. Hearne met with in his return to Prince of Wales' fort, and whom he afterwards engaged to act

as his guide, in his third excursion to the Copper-Mine river. This man had forcibly robbed another Indian of his wife, who, some time after, took an opportunity of eloping from her ravisher, and rejoining her husband. This poor man, in the sequel, rejoined Mr. Hearne's party at a place called Clowey—and Matonabee having heard that he had spoken disrespectfully of him, for having taken away his wife by force, determined to murder him. He actually stabbed him in the back in three places, and would have effectually completed his bloody purpose but for timely interference.—The three wounds, however, being fortunately on the shoulder-blade, proved not to be mortal. 'When Matonabee returned to his tent,' says Mr. Hearne, 'after committing this horrid deed, he sat down as composedly as if nothing had happened, called for water to wash his bloody hands and knife, smoked his pipe as usual, seemed to be perfectly at ease, and asked if I did not think he had done right.'

'Yet this man,' continues Mr. Hearne, 'is, in every other respect, of such universal good sense; and, as an Indian, of such great humanity, that I am at a loss how to account for his having been guilty of such a crime, unless it be from his having lived among the Southern Indians so long; as to become tainted with their blood-thirsty and vindictive disposition.'

This latter circumstance is adduced, not by way of extenuating the guilt of Matonabee, but to account for this almost single exception, in the character for great humanity, which Mr. Hearne has ascribed to the Northern Indians. There is another trait, however, in the character of Matonabee, which an European fair-one will be little disposed

disposed to admire. 'He attributed,' says Mr. Hearne, 'all our misfortunes in our former excursions, to the misconduct of my guides; and the very plan we pursued, by desire of the governor, in not taking any women with us, was, he said, the principal thing that occasioned all our wants: 'for,' said he, 'when all the men are heavy laden, they can neither hunt nor travel to any considerable distance; and, in case they meet with success in hunting, who is to carry the produce of their labor? 'Women,' he added, 'were made for labour: one of them can carry, or haul, as much as two men can do. They also pitch our tents, make or mend our clothing, keep us warm at night; and, in fact, there is no such thing as travelling any considerable distance, or for any length of time in this country, without their assistance. 'Women,' said he again, 'though they do every thing, are maintained at a trifling expence; for, as they always stand cook, the very licking of their fingers in scarce times, is sufficient for their subsistence.'—'This,' continues Mr. Hearne, 'is but too true a description of the situation of women in this country: it is at least so in appearance; for the women always carry the provisions, and it is more than probable that they help themselves when the men are not present.'

(The remainder in our next.)

THE MISERIES OF AFFLUENCE.

TO THE EDITORS.

SOMEBODY or other, not three farthings matter who, has observed, "That though mankind are perpetually complaining of the shortness of human life, yet at the same

moment the generality of them are utterly at a loss how to spend their time;" The observation is a very sensible one, yet unhappily, like many others, has no tendency but to shew a universal opposition in our sentiments and actions.

You must know, gentlemen that I am a young fellow of good fortune, in the very bloom of life, and have scarce a pleasure or inclination that my circumstances are not sufficiently able to indulge; yet I don't know how it is, my time hangs to the last degree heavy on my hands, and in the language of a very elegant author, I can at best only be said

To Drawl out being on a dead repose. I enjoy a negative sort of happiness; that is, I am no way miserable, and feel but very little pleasure, if I am happily at ease from pain.

I married, a very amiable woman about a twelvemonth ago, of whom, in reality, I am passionately fond;—but being possessed of her person and secure of her heart, I am sunk into an insipid sort of tranquility, and experience none of those delightful little anxieties, that kept the mind all alive during my solicitation for both. I rise every morning about nine, and look out of the back window, *whistling for want of thought*, till the summons for breakfast arrives: the papers of the morning are an hour's employment at the tea-table, and the moment the things are removed, it takes me up another to pare my nails. My wife all the time sits stroking a picture of of mine, which occupies a space on her arm, or diverts herself with twirling round the cat.

When my nails are pared, I have another hour's study; this is constantly taken up in thinking what to do before dinner; about twelve, however, I recollect that I am a very lazy idle fellow, and, quite ashamed

ashamed of my indolence and dissipation, I hurry on my clothes and run out. If the morning be fair, I never use a carriage, but trudge along the streets in a plain frock.—When I lose sight of my own house, I consider, where to go, and am often at a loss whether I shall drop in at a coffee house, or take a saunter in the public walks. When I have decided this important point, I generally discover that my going to either is not a whit more to the purpose than my staying at home, my visits at the coffee-house being made without any business, and my rambles through the public walks directed without any end. In this state of mind, neither satisfied nor displeased, I very often return home, and bite the ends of my wife's fingers till dinner time, the amiable girl, in return amusing herself with adjusting my eye-brows, or perhaps pulling me by the nose.

After dinner I generally lounge upon the sofa with my wife, and waste a couple of hours in that delicate sort of silliness, which is the eternal concomitant of a reciprocal love,—toying with every little article of her dress, and breaking out into the childish accent of, *I does love ee, I do so*; to which I am asked in the same accent, *Does ee*, and then follows an idiotical stare of fondness on both sides, which ends in a mutual drawling of the breath into the interjection, *ah!*—But, as the poet says,

Non sense shall be eloquence in love.

And I appeal to every man if he has not passed some hours in this delicious sort of trifling, with the utmost satisfaction, which he would have heartily laughed at in any body else.

Recollecting the silliness of my situation, I at last start from the sofa, and retire into my study with a view of spending a useful hour at a

book: this soon palls: my notion of men and things being long since established, and all the amusement to be received resulting from a florid ebullition of stile, or a brilliant stroke of imagination: the best authors I can almost quote from memory, in any page, and the rest not being worth a perusal, it usually happens that my afternoon studies terminate in a nap of sleep. Neither my wife or myself being very fond of company, our evenings are passed in much the same manner as our days: the chasm from tea to supper we endeavour to fill up with a game of cards, and from supper time to bed, with mutual yawnings, continued indications of drowsiness, and incessant picking of teeth. I am vain enough to think, that neither of us want common understanding, yet we are so perfectly well acquainted with each other's sentiments of things, and have so often discussed every topic of conversation, that we are generally silent together from the want of something new to say: if we take a walk out, we don't open our lips above once an hour, and then only in unnecessary enquiries for one another's health: if we take a little excursion in the carriage, our observations are turned upon the state of the weather, the condition of the roads, or the casual absurdity of any sign that strikes us in the tour.—In short, Messrs. Editors, the want of something to do which is the general consequence of affluence, has reduced me to a situation really pitiable, and raised the condition of the most plodding mechanic, to an object of envy and esteem. Horses, dogs, and cards, have very little attraction for me, and plays, routs, and operas, have still less charms for my wife. Upon the whole, gentlemen, we are, morally speaking, two striking instances of the divine goodness.

goodness in the short duration of life, for instead of wishing for more than the common portion of time, we are almost at a loss to make a *real* use of what we have.

I am, gentlemen, &c.

T. PLACID.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM, &c.

A STORY OF CHARLES V.

CHARLES V. generally used, in his intervals of relaxation, to retire to Brussels: He was a prince politically curious enough to know the sentiments of his meanest subjects, concerning himself and the administration of his affairs; therefore, often went out incog, and mixed in such companies and conversations as he thought proper.—It happened, one night, as he was out in private, that some unlucky accident happened to his boat, which required immediate mending: he asked where a cobbler lived, and was directed to one. Unlucky for the emperor it happened to be St. Crispin's holliday, and, instead of finding the cobbler inclined for work, he found him in the height of his mirth and jollity among his friends and acquaintances. The emperor, however, acquainted him with what he wanted, and offered him a handsome gratuity to oblige him—"What friend!" says the cobbler, "do you know no better than to ask any of our craft to work on St. Crispin's day. Was it Charles, the emperor, himself, I would not do a stitch for him now. But if you will come in and drink St. Crispin, do, and welcome: We are as merry as the emperor himself." The sovereign accepted his offer, and found rude, but hearty mirth. While he was contemplating on their pleasure, instead of joining in

it, the jovial host thus accosts him.

"What, I suppose you are some courtier politician or other, by that contemplative phiz—Nay, by your long nose, you may be a bastard by the emperor: but be who, or what you will, you are heartily welcome. Drink about, here's Charles the fifth's health." Then you love Charles the fifth, replied the emperor—"Love him," says the son of Crispin, "aye, aye, I love his long noseship well enough, but I should love him much more, would he tax us a little less: but what the devil have we to do with politics. Round with the glass, and merry be our hearts." After a little stay, the emperor took his leave, and thanked the cobbler for his hospitable reception. "That, cried he, you are welcome to; but I would not to day have dishonored St. Crispin, to have worked for the emperor.—Charles, pleased with the honest good-nature and humor of the cobbler, sent for him next morning to court. You may imagine his surprise, to see and hear that his late guest was his prince; he feared his joke on his long-nose must be punished with death. The emperor thanked him for his hospitality, and as a reward for it, bid him ask for what he most desired, and gave him till next day to settle his surprise and ambition. The next day he appeared, and after due deliberation requested that, for the future, the cobblers of Flanders might bear, for their arms, a boot with the emperor's crown upon it.—That request was granted; and so moderate was his ambition, that the emperor bid him to make another. "If (says he) I am to have my utmost wishes, command that, for the future, the company of cobblers shall take place of the company of shoe-makers." It was accordingly so ordered; and there is still to be seen a chapel in Flanders,

Flanders, adorned round with a boot and the Imperial crown on it, and in all processions the company of cobblers take place of the company of shoe-makers.

Anecdote of Charles V.

Charles V. being solicited to satisfy the inclination he had towards the wife of one of the best officers in his army—said, God forbid that I should offend the honor of a man who defends mine, sword in hand,

Queries, to be answered in our next.

In Natural Philosophy.

Whence are the strange antipathies in nature, as to swoon at the sight of a cat, an egg, cheese, sweating at the cutting of a lemon, &c.?

In Arithmetic.

What is the reason that all nations, as well the civilized as barbarous, do in their counting never exceed ten, without repeating some of the former characters, as thirteen is ten and three?

P O E T R Y.

ORIGINAL.

*On the recent and premature Death of
David Toomer Cruger, Student
in Medicine, who departed
this life on the 10th inst.*

WHAT melting sorrows pierce the yielding air,
The fearful tokens of some wild despair?
O'er the sad urn a father bends his head,
And mourns the silent ashes of the dead:
A tender mother lifts her weeping eye,
Clasps the cold urn and heaves the plaintive sigh;
Their only hope, ah! much lamented youth,
The early promise of unfading truth:
Oh could my hand, with Nature's pencil trace,
The opening beauty's of his smiling face,
The buds of virtue charm'd without disguise,
Bloom'd on his cheek and sparkl'd in his eyes;
Fair science flutter'd o'er his youthful head,
And all the charms of learning round him spread:

Though short the time that mark'd his bright career,

In friendship's bosom he is ever dear.

Ye youths who lov'd, who honor'd Cruger's worth,

Come weep in silence o'er his clay cold earth,

Encircle round his tomb a wreath of fame,
Pure and unfully'd as his spotless name;
For him some gentle maid shall drop the tear,
And strew sweet flowers o'er his untimely bier;

Blossoms of hope embalm his sacred clay,
Till God shall raise the just to brighter day;
The willow too, its weeping boughs shall bend,

Rear'd by the tender hand of some kind friend;

For memory bids its bending branches rise,
To guard the hallowed spot where Cruger lies:

Come gentle pity soothe the mourner's woe,
Let friendly tears of pure affection flow;
Accept, dear father of so lov'd a youth,
This trifling effort from the pen of truth,
Then hush the sigh and dry the falling tear,
He lives in peace beyond this mortal sphere;
From earth remov'd and all its glitt'ring toys,
Delusive pleasures and deceitful joys,
His faintest spirit lives and reigns above,
Shares the blest influence of eternal love.

LUCRETIA.

SELECTED;

SELECTED.

VERSES

*Occasioned by the Death of a Friend.**Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere.*

GRAY.

"T WAS twelve; and calm and silent
 was the night;
 'Twas such, when seraphs from their
 cloud do bend,—
 When, lo, appear'd before my wond'ring
 sight,
 William, my lost, my dear departed
 friend.

Altho' I star'd, no terror seiz'd my breast,
 From him I knew no ill I had to dread;
 That gen'rous soul, while living he possess'd,
 Would form an angel, now that he was
 dead.—

"Welcome," I cried, and eager from my
 bed,
 To clasp him, with extended arms I
 sprung:
 Back, from my clasp the airy phantom fled,
 And with these accents mov'd his heav'n-
 ly tongue:—

"Dry up these tears; that heaving sob re-
 pels,
 My ills are past, my anxious cares are
 o'er;
 No poignant sorrows stab my heav'nly
 bliss;
 There, ills and cares, and sorrows are no
 more.

"Health, blooming health, short since sat
 on my cheek;
 Few were my years, not twice ten did
 they tell;
 But soon did death these ties uncertain
 break,
 And snatch'd my spirit from its mortal
 cell."

"Up to my God my soul its flight did wing,
 Where joys, exquisite joys that ne'er will
 end;
 Where myriad saints praise to that God do
 sing,
 Where myriad angels at his throne do
 bend.

* The fond hope of his friends, the delight
 of his companions, in the health and vigor of
 youth, Mr. William M—t—th fell a victim
 to the yellow fever after two days illness.

"You too are young; health also dwells
 with you:—

That youth, that health but little will
 avail;

The oak that rears majestic to the view,
 One boist'rous blast may level with the
 dale.

"Tell you lov'd maid, to earth my dearest
 tie,

Not to bewail that heav'n hath call'd me
 hence;

When, too, her spotless soul is ta'en on
 high,

There all her griefs shall find full re-
 compence.

"Dry up these tears, that heaving sob re-
 pels,

My ills are past, my anxious cares are
 o'er;

No poignant sorrows stab my heav'nly
 bliss."

On seraph wings away his form he bore,

ON CONTENTMENT.

HAIL, sweet Contentment, calm repose!

The balm of comfort shed,
 Oh! let me not complain of woes,
 By thy kind guidance led!

To thee compassion is allied,
 Revengeful hope unknown;
 As thou a stranger art to pride,
 From thee is discord flown.

Tho' plain and humble be my lot,
 Yet grant me strength of mind;
 So shall I find, tho' in a cot,
 Pleasures the most refin'd.

With pity shall behold the great,
 While no rude cares molest;
 Nor fond desire for useless state
 Disturb my tranquil breast.

In silent glen, in hollow cave,
 And Hermit's lonely cell,
 Where winding streams delight to lave,
 Reflection deigns to dwell.

Far from the bustling scenes of life,
 I wish in peace to rest;
 Remov'd from vanity and strife,
 In calm retirement blest.

To me in Gorgon terrors clad
Appear the rash and bold;
The vain, the wealthy, and the bad,
Who thirst for nought but gold.

With horror such delights behold
As deck the festive scene;
Tho' young, am prematurely old,
Collected, grave, serene.

To thee, Contentment, thus I bend;
With meek and humble heart;
In pity to my pray'r attend,
And lend thy soothing art!

THE LONGEST DAY.

THE Sun in bright meridian power
And glory rides supreme;
He triumphs in the noon-tide hour,
And darts his sultry beam.

And now his utmost height is gain'd;
His utmost power is shown;
Splendid, till now, the god has reign'd
With influence all his own.

Let mortals now his passage view;
And mark his fading light;
Still to his fated circle true,
He travels on till night.

Thus rises man to life's high noon,
Impetuous, fearless, brave;
But life's dull winter hastens on,
And points the gloomy grave.

EGYPTIAN ODE.

WHERE bosom thrilling transports glow,
We oft observe th' intruder Woe!

See tufted Faoum breathe delight
From rose-trees kindling on the sight,
From orange-blossoms, or tamarind bowers,
Or the pomegranates' scarlet flowers,
And loftier palms, that wave between
Their foliage of a deeper green,
Relieving the bright azure skies
Where scarce a rainy vapour flies;
While through the fragrance as it blows
A stream of liquid amber flows,
While nestles many a gurgling dove
Within the bosom of the grove,
And from the shade on sable wings
With crimson striped—the flamen springs,
And the plum'd ostrich on the sands,
Or pelican majestic stands.

To cool the sun's meridian beams;
There fruits refreshing kiss the streams;
Or, blushing to eve's purple ray,
Amid the breezy verdure play—
As its leaves shade each silver sluice
The pulpy water-melon's juice,
To eager thirst delicious balm;
And sugary dates that crown the palm.
Yet from the rocks that skirt the wood,
Fell tigers bound, to thirst on blood;
Yet the wide-water'd landscapes smile,
Where lurks the treacherous crocodile,
And ere the melting-fruit we grasp,
Death-doom'd, we feel th' envenom'd asp.

Then hail my Albion's hoary coast,
Where, tho' no scenes Elysium boast,
We court not temperate joys in vain,
Nor thrill'd by bliss, nor stung by pain.

ODE TO THE MOON.

TO thee, fair regent of the night,
I dedicate my lays;
Thy silver beams, reflected light,
Excite our love and praise!

Sequester'd from the beams of day,
The midnight awful scene
Converts the mind, by nature gay,
To prospects more serene.

Above each vain terrestrial art
Of life's perplexing care,
Thy genuine graces strike the heart,
Free from delusive glare.

This useful lesson they instil,
That modest virtues shine;
Like thee the constant course fulfil,
With majesty divine.

TRANSLATION OF A LATIN ODE.

Ferreum credis, &c.

AND dost thou think my heart is hard?
In solid brass, oh! were it bound,
Then should I look, with light regard,
On Life's short joys, all fleeting sound!

Then should no fond complaining maid,
(The pangs of absence doom'd to prove)
My ever-faithful breast upbraid
With all her woes of flighted love!

How oft' has wand'ring Luna's beam,
Slow-stealing o'er the cloudless sky,
Beheld bright love's delusive dream
Wanton before my mental eye!

How

How oft, the silent heav'ns along,
What time in radiant pomp she shone,
To her I pour'd my plaintive song,
And made my faithful passion known.

Still, still my wonted warmth remains,
Camilla, still remains for thee;
Fancy thy long-lost form retains,
Thy sorrowing looks methinks I see!

With deep reproach my soul invade,
And, tho' thy harsh words wound my ear,
Ne'er shall it grieve me, gentle maid,
That mem'ry held thy beauties dear!

S O N G.

SWEET maid, I hear thy frequent sigh,
And mourn to see thy languid eye;
For well I know these symptoms prove
Thy heart a prey to secret love.
But tho' so hard a fate be thine;
Think not thy grief can equal mine.
Hope may thy vanish'd bloom restore;
I sigh for him who LIVES NO MORE!

The youth, for whom thy bosom sighs,
Shall oft delight thy conscious eyes;
And oft his voice, in accents sweet,
Shall friendship's soothing tone repeat:
But he for whom my cheek is pale,
For whom my health and spirits fail,
Nought to my eyes can e'er restore,
And I shall hear his voice NO MORE!

Thou, in existence, still canst find
A charm to captivate thy mind!
To make the morning's ray delight;
And gild the gloomy brow of night;
But nature's charms to me are fled!
I nought behold but HENRY DEAD!
What can my love of life restore?
I sigh for him who LIVES NO MORE!

AMELIA.

THE HABITATION OF INSANITY.

BY ROBERT MERRY, A. M.

OBSERVE yon structure stretching o'er
the plain,
Sad habitation of the lost, insane!
Ha! at the grates what grisly forms ap-
pear!
What dismal shrieks of laughter wound the
ear!

Heart-broken love the tend'rest measure
pours,
Sighs, and laments, incessantly adores;
Insatiate fury clanks his ponderous chains;
Suspicious av'rice counts ideal gains;
Bewilder'd, pride the swelling crest up-
rears;

And causeless penitence is drown'd in tears;
Wan jealousy, with scrutinizing glance,
On ev'ry side sees rival youths advance:
While maddest murder waits the sword to
draw:

And ostentation flaunts in robes of straw;
Pale, piteous melancholy clasps her hands,
Sunk in deep thought, and as a statue stands.
Convulsive joy, imaginary state,
Pale envy, ghastly fear, determin'd hate,
Loud agonizing horror, dumb despair,
And all the passions are distorted there.
Amid those gall'ries drear, those doleful
cells,

The unrelenting despot, memory, dwells.
Fix'd on the burning brain, she urges still
Her ruthless pow'r in mock'ry of the will:
Regretted raptures, long-remember'd woes,
And ev'ry varying anguish she bestows.
This is her sumptuous palace, these her
states,

She reigns triumphant when the maniac
raves.

But, oh! her victims feel the heaviest
stroke,

Whene'er, at intervals, the spell is broke;
When casual reason is awhile restor'd,
And they themselves are by themselves de-
plor'd.

S O N N E T.

HARRIOT! tho' sorrow and the injury
Of faithless man are mark'd upon my brow
Indelible; tho' on my sunken cheek
Of fading hues, usurping flushes speak
Health's slow decline; yet can I smile with
thee,

And in thy converse all those pleasures
know

Which tranquil minds, upwarp'd by
worldly woe,

Taste unalloy'd in virtuous sympathy,
Harriot! the cheering influence of thy smiles,
From haral'd memory sickening at the
view

Of sorrows past, which my dark thoughts
pursue,

When I revert; the lonely hours beguiles,
And calms my mind. So the star-seen
light

Greets the benighted wand'rer's weary
light.

FOREIGN

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

OFFICIAL COMMUNICATIONS.

PARIS.

General Buonaparte to the executive directory.

Head-quarters, at Gradisca, 30 Ventose, March, 20.

Citizens Directors.

GEN. SERRURIER reached Gradisca by his march upon the heights which governed this town.

To make a diversion, and to preclude the enemy from the discovery of our manœuvre, gen. Bernadotte caused the riflemen to attack them in their entrenchments; but our soldiers, impelled by their natural ardor, advanced with their fixed bayonets, to the very walls of Gradisca. They were there received by a heavy discharge of musketry and grape-shot. Gen. Bernadotte, obliged to support them, brought forward four pieces of cannon to force the gates—but they were defended by a fleche well entrenched.

General Serrurier, in the meantime, arrived upon the heights which commanded Gradisca, rendering every means of retreat impossible. The enemy, panic-struck, saw no possibility of defence, and despaired of making their escape. General Bernadotte presented the summons subjoined, when the enemy capitulated.

Five thousand prisoners, the flower of prince Charles's army, ten pieces of cannon, and eight standards were the fruits of this manœuvre—we at the same time passed L'Illonzo, and took Gradisca.

The division of general Bernadotte conducted itself with that gallantry which guarantees our future success. General Bernadotte himself, his aid-de-camp and generals, braved every difficulty and danger.

B 1

I solicit the rank of general of brigade for adjutant-general Mireur.

Battle of Cassalola.

The division of general Massena, carrying the first of La Chinfa, encountering the enemy, who wished to dispute the passage of the bridge of Cassalola, the riflemen forced the enemy to fall back, and immediately after the grenadiers of the 32d and 57th demi-brigades, in close columns forced the bridge, beating the enemy, notwithstanding their entrenchments and chevaux de frise, pursuing them even to Puntseba, taking 600 prisoners, all belonging to the regiments lately brought from the Rhine. All the magazines which the enemy possessed on this side became also our property.

BUONAPARTE.

Buonaparte to the executive directory.

Head-quarters, Goritz, 2 Germinal, March 22.

Citizens Directors,

We entered yesterday into Goritz. The enemy's army have effected their retreat with so much precipitation, that it has left in our hands four hospitals, containing 1500 sick, and all the magazines and provisions and warlike ammunition, of which I will give you an account by the next courier.

BUONAPARTE.

Buonaparte to the executive directory.

Head-quarters, Goritz, 4th Germinal, March 24.

Citizens Directors,

You will find subjoined an account of the articles we have found in Goritz. I will send to you, by the next courier, an account of those we have found in Trieste.

We are masters of the celebrated mines of d'Ydria: we have there found substance prepared for two millions. We are placing it in the waggons

waggon, and if this operation succeeds without any accident it will be very useful to our finances.

BUONAPARTE.

General Bernadotte to the Austrian commander of Gradisca.

Head-quarters, Gradisca, 29th Ventose, March 19.

You have defended yourself, sir, like a brave man, and by your conduct you have acquired the esteem of soldiers. But any further obstinacy would be a crime which I would make fall on you principally; and for the purpose of justifying myself to posterity, I now summon you to surrender in ten minutes. If you refuse, I will put your troops to the sword. Spare blood! The principles of philanthropy which ought to animate a chief, impose on you this obligation. The scales are prepared, and the grenadiers and chasseurs demand the assault with loud cries.

I am, with esteem, the general of division,

BERNADOTTE.

Buonaparte, commander in chief of the army of Italy to the executive directory.

Head-quarters at Goritz, 5th Germinal, March 25.

Citizens Directors,

I gave you an account by my last courier, that a column of the army of prince Charles was hemmed in between the division of general Massena, who was at Tarvis, and that of general Guieux, who on arriving at Caporetto pushed into the defiles.

Battle of Tarvis.

General Massena, being arrived at Tarvis, was attacked by a division of the enemy, which left Clangeforth, and came to the assistance of the division that was hemmed in. — After a conflict extremely obstinate, he put it to the route, and took a

vast number of prisoners, among whom are three generals. The emperor's cuirassiers, who arrived from the Rhine, have suffered most severely.

Engagement of La Chinse.

Meanwhile general Guieux drove the column which he had defeated at Pusero, as far as the Austrian Chinse, a post extremely well entrenched, but was carried by assault after a very obstinate engagement, in which general Don Verdier, and the fourth half brigade, as well as the 43d, particularly distinguished themselves. General Kalbes himself defended the Chinse with 500 grenadiers; by the laws of war these 500 men ought to have been put to the sword; but this barbarous right has always been disclaimed, and never exercised by the French army.

The hostile column, seeing the Chinse taken, precipitated its march, and fell into the middle of the division of general Massena, who after a slight combat, made the whole column prisoners; 30 pieces of cannon, 400 waggon, carrying the baggage of the enemy, 5000 men, and four generals, fell into our hands. I am eager to apprise you of this event, because under the present circumstances it is indispensable that you should be informed of every thing without delay. I reserve it to give you a more detailed account of all these events as soon as I shall have received all the reports and as soon as every moment shall be less precious.

The chain of the Alps, which parts France and Switzerland from Italy, separates the Italian part of Tyrol from the German part, the Venetian states from the dominions of the emperor, and Carinthia from the county of Goritz and Gradisca. The division of Massena has crossed the Italian Alps. Our enemies were

so awkward as to enthrall all their baggage and part of the army by the Noric Alps, which were that moment taken. The engagement of Tarvis was fought above the clouds on a height which commanded Germany; in several parts to which our line extended, the snow lay three feet deep, and the cavalry, charging on the ice, suffered accidents, the result of which were extremely fatal to the enemy's cavalry.

BUONAPARTE.

Foreign Intelligence.

Milan, March 15.

An unexpected and important change has taken place in the Venetian territory; three of the principal towns of the republic, Verona, Brescia and Bergamo, the former of which contains sixty thousand, the second forty-eight thousand, and the last thirteen thousand inhabitants, together with the town of Crema—have thrown themselves on the protection of the French, and solicited to be annexed to the new republic of Lombardy.

The city of Vicenza, containing 30,000 souls, has also shewn an inclination to adopt the same measure.

The papal towns of Ravenna, Gubbio, and the duchy of Gubbio, are likewise desirous of being united to the Cispadan republic; and their central assembly has abolished the torture.

Bergamo, March 13.

This day an event, which still appears to us as a dream, has taken place; the first families of this city have placed themselves under the protection of the French. All the Venetian authorities are suspended, and all the troops are disarmed

and disbanded. A municipality has been elected, which has already administered the oath to about eight thousand persons. The late governor left the city to-day, about noon, but before he went he published the following proclamation:

"Live the Republic of Bergamo!"

"I engage myself to the people of Bergamo, that I will do my utmost to procure liberty for those persons who are now confined at Venice for favoring the French republic, and their restoration to their families.

ALEX. OTTOLINI."

Every place swarms with French cockades; it is expected that a similar revolution will take place at Verona, Brescia and Crema; yet, considering the magnitude of the event, the greatest tranquillity and order prevails.

Frankfort, March 25.

A great number of letters which arrived yesterday from Basle, bring advice, that a conference, which lasted two days, had taken place between the archduke Charles and the prince d'Aremberg, on one side, with generals Buonaparte and Clarke on the other. The proposals of peace, made by the French generals to the archduke, are said to have been equitable, and indeed very advantageous to Austria; and they only waited the return of a courier, whom his highness had dispatched to Vienna, to publish an armistice which was to precede further negotiations in Italy.

Accounts from Venice state, that the French government has offered to Austria the restoration of Mantua and Milan, besides a large tract of territory in Italy, as an indemnity for Belgium and the provinces on the left bank of the Rhine.—That part of the Venetian state which

which has declared itself under the protection of the French, is even said to be destined for that purpose.

London, April 27.

Private letters from Hanover of the 25th ult. speak of a date paper, ordered to be delivered by the emperor of Russia to the king of Prussia declaring, that if the latter should either form closer connections with the French republic, or conceive any plan tending to impair the Germanic constitution, by dismembering the Ecclesiastical States, or in any other manner, the emperor of Russia should feel himself bound to accede to the coalition, and strengthen it by an army of 200,000 men.

Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Coeurvoiseur the messenger, arrived with dispatches from sir M. Eden, at the court of Vienna; he landed at Harwich in the prince of Orange Packet, in which the duke of Württemburgh, and suite, embarked from Cruxhaven, and were left at Harwich yesterday morning at 6 o'clock. His serene highness is expected in town this evening. In this ship, a million of money in gold and silver, is brought from Hamburgh.

From Italy, under the date of the 15th, it appears the Venetians alarmed at the probability of an attack from the French, and at the remonstrance made to them by general Buonaparte, on their partiality to the Austrians, had agreed to pay a million of zechins to France, to be treated as a neutral power.—Other accounts state the probability of their joining the Austrians.

A letter from Milan of the 14th instant informs, that in the vicinity of Macerata, at Jevi, and in several other places, partial insurrections have of late taken place; and that

Jevi has been plundered and nearly destroyed by the French military, in consequence of 40 French dragoons having been put to death by the inhabitants. General Buonaparte has marched from Mantua at the head of a considerable force to attack the Austrian army in Friuli. The Jacobins of the Cispadan republic have endeavoured to excite commotions in the principal cities and especially at Bologna. General Buonaparte has issued a thundering proclamation against the disturbers of the public tranquillity, ordering the commandant of Bologna to treat them with severity.

In the account lately given of the secret articles of the treaty signed at Basle, and ratified by a new convention on the 6th of August last, at Berlin, between Prussia and France, it was stated, that his Prussian majesty had made several stipulations for himself, the stadtholder, and prince of Hesse. The following was the project—

The king of Prussia to have the fertile province of Munster, which lies contiguous to his other possessions in the north of Germany.

The stadtholder to have the bishopricks of Bamburg and Wurtzburg, which were to be formed into an electorate.

The prince of Hesse, to have the abbey of Fueda.

The elector of Hanover, to have the principalities of Oznaburg, as a bonus for his acquiescence in this partition.

Every information supports the belief, that let the war terminate as it may, the king of Prussia, as well as the directory, will be foiled in their plans of secularizing Germany, and of reducing the emperor's authority as chief of the empire.

DOMESTIC

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

STATE PAPER.

ADDRESS

Of the House of Representatives of the United States, in answer to the President's Speech.

SIR,

The interesting detail of those events, which have rendered the convention of congress, at this time, indispensable (communicated in your speech to both houses) has excited in us the strongest emotions. Whilst we regret the occasion, we cannot omit to testify our approbation of the measure, and to pledge ourselves that no considerations of private inconvenience shall prevent, on our part, a faithful discharge of the duties to which we are called.

We have constantly hoped, that the nations of Europe, whilst desolated by foreign wars, or convulsed by intestine divisions, would have left the United States to enjoy that peace and tranquillity, to which the impartial conduct of our government has entitled us; it is now, with extreme regret, we find the measures of the French republic tending to endanger a situation so desirable and interesting to our country.

Upon this occasion, we feel it our duty to express, in the most explicit manner, the sensations which the present crisis has excited, and to assure you of our zealous co-operation in those measures which may appear necessary for our security or peace.

Although it is the earnest wish of our hearts, that peace may be maintained with the French republic, and with all the world, yet we will never surrender those rights which belong to us as a nation; and whilst we view with satisfaction the wis-

dom, dignity and moderation, which have marked the measures of the supreme executive of our country, in its attempts to remove, by candid explanations, the complaints and jealousies of France, we feel the full force of that indignity which has been offered our country in the rejection of its minister. No attempts to wound our rights as a sovereign state will escape the notice of our constituents: they will be felt with indignation, and repelled with that decision which shall convince the world that we are not a degraded people, that we can never submit to the demands of a foreign power without examination and without discussion.

Knowing as we do the confidence reposed by the people of the United States in their government, we cannot hesitate in expressing our indignation at any sentiments tending to derogate from that confidence.—Such sentiments, wherever entertained, serve to evince an imperfect knowledge of the opinions of our constituents. An attempt to separate the people of the United States from their government, is an attempt to separate them from themselves; and although foreigners, who know not the genius of our country, may have conceived the project, and foreign emissaries may attempt the execution, yet the united efforts of our fellow-citizens will convince the world of its impracticability.

Sensibly as we feel the wound which has been inflicted, by the transactions disclosed in your communications, yet we think with you, that neither the honor nor the interest of the United States forbid the repetition of advances for preserving peace. We therefore, receive, with the utmost satisfaction, your information, that a fresh attempt at negotiation will be instituted;

which has declared itself under the protection of the French, is even said to be destined for that purpose.

London, April 27.

Private letters from Hanover of the 25th ult. speak of a state paper, ordered to be delivered by the emperor of Russia to the king of Prussia declaring, that if the latter should either form closer connections with the French republic, or conceive any plan tending to impair the Germanic constitution, by dismembering the Ecclesiastical States, or in any other manner, the emperor of Russia should feel himself bound to accede to the coalition, and strengthen it by an army of 200,000 men.

Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Coeurvoiseur the messenger, arrived with dispatches from Sir M. Eden, at the court of Vienna: he landed at Harwich in the prince of Orange Packet, in which the duke of Wirtemberg, and suite, embarked from Cruxhaven, and were left at Harwich yesterday morning at 6 o'clock. His serene highness is expected in town this evening. In this ship, a million of money in gold and silver, is brought from Hamburg.

From Italy, under the date of the 15th, it appears the Venetians alarmed at the probability of an attack from the French, and at the remonstrance made to them by general Buonaparte, on their partiality to the Austrians, had agreed to pay a million of zechins to France, to be treated as a neutral power.—Other accounts state the probability of their joining the Austrians.

A letter from Milan of the 14th instant informs, that in the vicinity of Macerata, at Jevi, and in several other places, partial insurrections have of late taken place; and that

Jevi has been plundered and nearly destroyed by the French military, in consequence of 40 French dragoons having been put to death by the inhabitants. General Buonaparte has marched from Mantua at the head of a considerable force to attack the Austrian army in Friouli. The Jacobins of the Cispadan republic have endeavoured to excite commotions in the principal cities and especially at Bologna. General Buonaparte has issued a thundering proclamation against the disturbers of the public tranquillity, ordering the commandant of Bologna to treat them with severity.

In the account lately given of the secret articles of the treaty signed at Basle, and ratified by a new convention on the 6th of August last, at Berlin, between Prussia and France, it was stated, that his Prussian majesty had made several stipulations for himself, the stadtholder, and prince of Hesse. The following was the project—

The king of Prussia to have the fertile province of Munster, which lies contiguous to his other possessions in the north of Germany.

The stadtholder to have the bishopricks of Bamburgh and Wurtzburg, which were to be formed into an electorate.

The prince of Hesse, to have the abbey of Fueda.

The elector of Hanover, to have the principalities of Oznaburg, as a bonus for his acquiescence in this partition.

Every information supports the belief, that let the war terminate as it may, the king of Prussia, as well as the directory, will be foiled in their plans of secularizing Germany, and of reducing the emperor's authority as chief of the empire.

DOMESTIC

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

STATE PAPER.

ADDRESS

Of the House of Representatives of the United States, in answer to the President's Speech.

SIR,

The interesting detail of those events, which have rendered the convention of congress, at this time, indispensable (communicated in your speech to both houses) has excited in us the strongest emotions. Whilst we regret the occasion, we cannot omit to testify our approbation of the measure, and to pledge ourselves that no considerations of private inconvenience shall prevent, on our part, a faithful discharge of the duties to which we are called.

We have constantly hoped, that the nations of Europe, whilst desolated by foreign wars, or convulsed by intestine divisions, would have left the United States to enjoy that peace and tranquillity, to which the impartial conduct of our government has entitled us; it is now, with extreme regret, we find the measures of the French republic tending to endanger a situation so desirable and interesting to our country.

Upon this occasion, we feel it our duty to express, in the most explicit manner, the sensations which the present crisis has excited, and to assure you of our zealous co-operation in those measures which may appear necessary for our security or peace.

Although it is the earnest wish of our hearts, that peace may be maintained with the French republic, and with all the world, yet we will never surrender those rights which belong to us as a nation; and whilst we view with satisfaction the wis-

dom, dignity and moderation, which have marked the measures of the supreme executive of our country, in its attempts to remove, by candid explanations, the complaints and jealousies of France, we feel the full force of that indignity which has been offered our country in the rejection of its minister. No attempts to wound our rights as a sovereign state will escape the notice of our constituents: they will be felt with indignation, and repelled with that decision which shall convince the world that we are not a degraded people, that we can never submit to the demands of a foreign power without examination and without discussion.

Knowing as we do the confidence reposed by the people of the United States in their government, we cannot hesitate in expressing our indignation at any sentiments tending to derogate from that confidence.—Such sentiments, wherever entertained, serve to evince an imperfect knowledge of the opinions of our constituents. An attempt to separate the people of the United States from their government, is an attempt to separate them from themselves; and although foreigners, who know not the genius of our country, may have conceived the project, and foreign emissaries may attempt the execution, yet the united efforts of our fellow-citizens will convince the world of its impracticability.

Sensibly as we feel the wound which has been inflicted, by the transactions disclosed in your communications, yet we think with you, that neither the honor nor the interest of the United States forbid the repetition of advances for preserving peace. We therefore, receive, with the utmost satisfaction, your information, that a fresh attempt at negotiation will be instituted;

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tuted; and we cherish the hope that a mutual spirit of conciliation, and a disposition on the part of France to compensate for any injuries which may have been committed upon our neutral rights; and on the part of the United States, to place France on grounds similar to those of other countries in their relation and connection with us, if any inequalities should be found to exist, will produce an accommodation, compatible with the engagements, rights, duties, and honor of the United States. Fully, however, impressed with the uncertainty of the result, we shall prepare to meet with fortitude any unfavorable events which may occur, and to extricate ourselves from their consequences with all the skill we possess, and all the efforts in our power. Believing with you that the conduct of the government has been just and impartial to foreign nations, that the laws for the preservation of peace have been proper, and that they have been fairly executed, the representatives of the people do not hesitate to declare, that they will give their most cordial support to the execution of principles so deliberately and uprightly established.

The many interesting objects which you have recommended to our consideration, and which are so strongly enforced by this momentous occasion, will receive every attention which their importance demands; and we trust that by the decided and explicit conduct which will govern our deliberations, every insinuation will be repelled which is derogatory to the honor and independence of our country.

Permit us, in offering this address, to express our satisfaction at your promotion to the first office in the government, and our entire confidence that the pre-eminent talents and patriotism which have placed

you in this distinguished situation, will enable you to discharge its various duties with satisfaction to yourself and advantage to our common country.

To which he returned the following Answer.

Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

I receive with great satisfaction your candid approbation of the convention of congress; and thank you for your assurances that the interesting subjects recommended to your consideration, shall receive the attention which their importance demands, and that your co-operation may be expected in those measures which may appear necessary for our security or peace.

The declaration of the representatives of this nation, of their satisfaction at my promotion to the first office in the government, and of their confidence in my sincere endeavours to discharge the various duties of it, with advantage to our common country, have excited my most grateful sensibility.

I pray you, gentlemen, to believe, and to communicate such assurance to our constituents, that no event which I can foresee to be attainable by any exertions in the discharge of my duties, can afford me so much cordial satisfaction, as to conduct a negotiation with the French republic, to a removal of prejudices, a correction of errors, a dissipation of umbrages, an accommodation of all differences, and a restoration of harmony and affection, to the mutual satisfaction of both nations: and, whenever the legitimate organs of intercourse shall be restored, and the real sentiments of the two governments can be candidly communicated to each other, although strongly impressed with the

the necessity of collecting ourselves into a manly posture of defence, I nevertheless entertain an encouraging confidence, that a mutual spirit of conciliation, a disposition to compensate injuries, and accommodate each other in all our relations and connections, will produce an agreement to a treaty, consistent with the engagements, rights, duties and honor of both nations.

JOHN ADAMS.

United States, June 3, 1797.

Domestic Occurrences.

Philadelphia, May 31.

Extract of a letter from Bourdeaux, received via Boston, dated March 31.

"I have been informed that capt. Rogers, commanding the *Hope* of Baltimore, formerly captured and condemned, has been extremely ill-treated by the privateer that took him, which was commanded by an American. He was frequently shot at, and received a ball through his coat.

"The French seem determined to capture all Americans going to or from a British port. The American character (*individually*) however, seems to be respected.

"Accounts are coming in every day, of the successes of Buonaparte. He has lately entirely defeated the archduke Charles—8000 of the Austrians were killed in the action."

June 1.

It is asserted that Toussaint has been appointed governor general of St. Domingo, and that gen. Dcafourneaux has been put on board a vessel, sent to France, or, what is more probable, has taken a passage to France.

The defeat of Rigaud, near Irois, with the loss of 500 men, is con-

firmed; yet no details on that subject have as yet transpired; but, it is said, he was so completely routed, that an attack from the English was feared at Aux-Cayes.

Port-au-Prince is closely invested; the English possess no longer any post in the quarters of Mirebalais, Crochus, Fond, Parisien, Grand-Bois, &c. and the republicans of the South, have on their part, advanced as far as Bizoton. The fall of Port-au-Prince may therefore be considered as near at hand.

June 7.

General Toussaint Louverture, commander of the French troops in St. Domingo, at his return to Gonaives, after his victory at Mirebalais, in conversation with a gentleman now in this city, said that he was going to the Cape in a few days, with an intention to insist on the commission at that place in calling in and disarming all the small privateers, and stopping the depredations lately carried on against the Americans, whom he was further determined should be protected, and their cargoes duly paid for, as he "was sensible they could not do without them."

Wilmington, (N. C.) June 8.

Captain Burr, of the schooner *Friendship*, from the Havanna, bound to New-York, touched at this port on Friday last, in seven days' passage. The captain informs, that on the 22d of May, a brig being one of a fleet of Spanish merchantmen from Carthagena, bound to the Havanna, arrived there; the captain said, that on the 15th they fell in with a British frigate off Cuba, which captured the whole fleet, except himself and carried them into New-Providence. The fleet was richly laden, and had on board one million of dollars.

CHARLESTON,

CHARLESTON,

JUNE 24, 1797.

ARRIVALS.

June 15—Sch. Hawk, Swain, Savannah—consigned to the master—cargo consisting of cotton.

June 16—Schooner Polly, Anderson, Savannah—Sarazin—28,000 feet lumber.

Schooner Hope, Pedrick, North-Carolina—master—25,000 staves.

Schooner Almira, Buell, New-York—master—produce.

June 17—Schooner Lucy, Prince, New-Providence—master—ballast.

June 19—Ship Nonpareil, Fanning, New-York—Webb & Lamb—goods.

Brig Juno, Atkins, Boston—Winthrop—10 pipes gin, goods and furniture.

Brig Bride, Quandrille, Philadelphia—master—rum, goods, flour, cotton and hides.

Schooner Betsey, McIlhenny, Wilmington—Whitfield and Brown—13 hogheads rum, and produce.

June 20—Brig Pallas, Cook, Boston—Winthrop—5 pipes gin.

Sch. Sally, Drummond, Norfolk—La Coste—390 barrels flour and goods.

Schooner Adventure, Shackelford, Philadelphia—P. Gadsden—2 tons iron, and produce.

Brig Packet, Strong, Philadelphia—Hopkins & Charles—rum, flour and goods.

Brig Betsey, Shaw, Massachusetts—master—lumber, lime, staves and produce.

Ship Russell, Wood, Canton—Miller & Robertson—2509 whole, half and quarter chests tea; sugar, china, silks, nankeens, rhubarb, sugar-candy and goods—full.

Sloop James, Johnston, Antigua—Blake & Magwood—26 punche-

ons rum, 10 hogheads and 28 barrels sugar.

June 21—Ship Penelope, Allen, New-York—T. Morris—ballast.

Ship Hannah, Stanton, Boston—J. Geyer—4 pipes of gin, hay and furniture.

Ship Susan, Pearce, Rhode-island—Rogers, Barker and Lord—82 bags sugar.

Brig John, Gillender, New-York—Crocker, Hieborn and Wright—brandy, wine, goods, loaf-sugar and flour.

The President of the United States has nominated Gen. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South-Carolina, Francis Dana, Chief Justice of the State of Massachusetts, and General John Marshall, of Virginia, to be jointly and severally Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary to the French republic.

The senate have concurred in the above appointment.

MARRIAGES.

MARRIED.]—On the 15th inst. by the reverend Dr. Keith, Mr. William Roach, to Miss Mary M'Gregor.

— On Tuesday last, by the rev. Mr. Hollingshead, Michael Moore, esq. merchant, of York county, in this state, to Miss Rebecca Browne, of this city.

DEATHS.

DIED.]—On the 12th instant, at Sullivan's island, Mr. James Cleator, a native of London.

— On the 14th inst. Mr. James Paterfon, in the 29th year of his age.

— On Tuesday last, in the 25th year of her age, Mrs. Susanna Porcher, wife of Peter Porcher, jun. esq.